



Classic Match

In the spirit of *LLL* magazine, Jon Howe takes a retro look at some of our most memorable moments.

How's the hangover? Still a bit delicate, but I don't care because this was a great day. Of all the esteemed things this club has achieved this promotion has to rank among the greatest. After the Herculean endeavour of 10 long months, we had to do it and we *did* it.

Any pressure? It was off the scale. Given our minor slump since Easter, it meant all that effort and planning had come down to this one game. Our destiny was in our own hands, but that hasn't necessarily helped us in the past, and no Leeds fan could honestly claim to be 100 per cent confident.

What about the pre-match crowd trouble? Maybe it took some pressure off the players, but there are better ways of doing that! Holding this game on a Bank Holiday weekend was always going to be a bad idea, but that was no excuse for what went on. I think it has been blown out of all proportion but clearly a minority of the estimated 10,000 Leeds fans in the town over the weekend went too far. In a sleepy seaside town largely populated with – shall we say – rather *mature* residents, it's fair to say some behaviour was not the carpet bowls and afternoon bingo they are used to, and hence the giant travelling behemoth that

Bournemouth 0 Leeds United 1

Barclays League Division Two Saturday May 5, 1990, 3pm Dean Court

Attendance 9,918 Goal Chapman 49 Referee Roger Gifford (Glamorgan)



Bournemouth (4-4-2) Peyton, Bond, Coleman, Shearer, Miller, Peacock (Cadette), O'Driscoll, Brooks, Aylott, Lawrence, Blissett.



is Leeds United will not be welcomed back for some time.

So, the game? Naturally, a tense affair with few chances, but we had the better of the play throughout. Bournemouth needed a win and a Middlesbrough defeat against Newcastle to survive relegation, and we needed exactly the opposite to clinch the title.

Bobby Davison subbed early on?

Yes, with typically eccentric Sgt Wilko psychology, the famously nervous Carl Shutt was shielded from the pressure of the occasion and named as a sub. Davison was never going to be fit enough to play, but Wilko decided not to tell Shutt he would replace him until 3.05pm! In fact, he didn't tell anyone apart from captain Strachan and coach Mick Hennigan. An unorthodox game plan but it worked, because Shutt came on after six minutes and put in a monumental shift in the baking heat. So much so that he himself was subbed for Batty on 87 minutes.

The goal? A beautiful moment. A slick move sent Chris Kamara down the right wing and he sent over a cross that just demanded to be buried. Chapman rose above the defender with imperious ease and planted the header firmly into the roof of the net. The ecstasy mixed with the instantaneous pressure release resulted in protracted, wild celebrations; inside the ground, outside the ground, back in Leeds and in pockets of White all around the world.

After that? It was a stroll, to be honest. We nearly scored a second when Bond's skewed clearance hit the post. We'd heard Sheffield United were winning so knew we had to win to clinch the title. But we also knew Boro were hammering Newcastle so promotion was ours and Harry Redknapp's Bournemouth side were relegated. Effectively the last half-an-hour became a practice match.

How were the scenes at the final whistle? Chaotic. The players rushed off the pitch as the Leeds fans invaded in joyous fashion and with all-consuming relief at the end of our painful exile from the top division. The players appeared briefly in the stand where Vinnie lead the singing and then we filed away to contemplate life dining at the top table again after eight long years away.



How were the Leeds fans? The lucky 1,700 with tickets were packed into the small terrace behind the goal, and the vast majority were bare-chested in the outrageous heat. The second half saw a rendition of the club's entire songbook and a rare occasion of undiluted pleasure.

Best Leeds player? To a man they did their jobs in critical circumstances. A professional performance when the biggest challenge demanded it. Shutt was immense, Strachan kept it all together, but for the golden goal you have to hand it to Lee Chapman, an inspired signing in January by Wilko.

In a nutshell? "We are the champions, we are the champions Sgt Wilko's team... Oi!"

Above: Leeds fans on the beach and on the Bournemouth seafront. Facing page: Behind the goal pre-match and celebrating afterwards on the pitch.